

THE EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF this State. Will give special attention to collections and probate matters.

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CAN BE FOUND AT HIS OFFICE or residence when not professionally engaged.

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Special attention given to real estate, collecting, and probate matters.

Collecting all kinds of claims against the United States Government.

Office in Walton's brick—rooms 7 and 8.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

OFFICE—Opposite Walton's Brick.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON IMPROVED FARMS FOR A TERM of years. Apply to

Sherwood Barr,

EUGENE CITY, OREGON

Office up stairs in Walton's Brick.

INSURANCE.

WE HAVE BEEN APPOINTED

agents for the Insurance Companies for the State of Oregon.

Agents for Mr. Chas. Laner, and are prepared to insure your

Home, Barn, Wheat, Wool, Etc., Etc.

against loss by fire, and can give you choice of some of the BEST COMPANIES ON THIS COAST.

ready and willing to pay losses promptly.

Monroe and others. In fact everything usually found in a 1st class news depot, P. O. Building, Eugene.

HENDRICKS & EAKIN.

FOUND! FOUND!!

That the CHEAPEST place to buy Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Boots and shoes, Etc.

—IS AT—

FRIENDLY'S.

P. S. Have also just received from New York City a large invoice of LADIES' CLOAKS, DOLMANS, WRAPS and DRESS GOODS.

AT SPRINGFIELD,

PENGRA, WHEELER & CO.

Continue to Exchange Merchandise of all Kinds at the Lowest Cash Prices for Cash or Merchantable Produce of any kind at the Highest Cash Prices Give them a trade

AT SPRINGFIELD,

PENGRA, WHEELER & CO.

Continue to furnish Lumber, Lath and Shingles to order at the lowest current rates, delivered at the Mills, on board cars, or at Eugene City. Leave your orders with J. M. Hendricks, Agent at Eugene City, or send to the Mills direct.

AT SPRINGFIELD,

PENGRA, WHEELER & CO.,

Continue to pay the highest price in Cash for wheat at their Mill, and to furnish flour and feed at the Lowest market rates for Cash.

Special attention to Exchange and Custom Grinding.

—TAKE THEM A GRIST.—

Harness Shop.

HAVING OPENED A NEW SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP ON 8th STREET west of Crain Bros', I am now prepared to furnish everything in that line at the

LOWEST RATES.

The Most

Competent Workmen

Are employed, and I will endeavor to give satisfaction to all who may favor us with a call.

A. A. CURRIE.

F. F. PATTERSON. W. B. PATTERSON.

F. F. Patterson & Co.,

Contractors,

Plastering, Stone and Brick Work.

—ALSO DEALERS IN—

Tacoma and San Juan Lime, American and English Cement, New York and California Plaster, Plastering Hair, Fire Brick, Lath, Marble Dust, Etc., Etc.

F. F. Patterson & Co., EUGENE CITY, OREGON. OFFICE—With Beckwith & Son.

Something New!

You Can

Save time and money by calling on TERLING HILL

and letting him renew your subscriptions for newspapers, story papers and magazines. He also keeps a complete stock of Magazines, including Century, Harper, Leslie, etc. All the popular libraries, Scribner, Levell, Standard, Munroe and others. In fact everything usually found in a 1st class news depot, P. O. Building, Eugene.

PHYSICIANS,

MINISTERS, VOCALISTS, PUBLIC SPEAKERS and the Professions generally recommend SANTA ABIE as the best of all medicines for diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

See that our trade mark, SANTA ABIE, is on every bottle. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.



For a better and more pleasant remedy for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchial troubles than GREEN'S LUNG RESTORER, SANTA ABIE, ABBETTINE and MOUNTAIN BALM COUGH CURE. Not a secret compound. A complete mixture without the addition of any powders.



GUARANTEED A POSITIVE CURE for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, Rose Cold, Catarrhal Deafness and Sore Eyes. Restores the sense of taste and smell; removes bad taste and unpleasant breath; resulting from Catarrh. Easy and pleasant to use. Follow direction and a cure is warranted by all druggists. Send for circular to ABBETTINE MEDICAL CO., Oroville, Cal. Ask for

SANTA ABIE AND CAT-R CURE, For sale by all druggists.

JUMBO. JUMBO. The original ABBETTINE Ointment is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands, and all skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the Original ABBETTINE Ointment.

For sale by all druggists. Swell, Heltich & Woodard, Wholesale Agents; Portland, Oregon.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle.

REV. I. M. DEWEY, of Linden, N. Y., says: "The Gilmore Aromatic Wine proved a great blessing to my wife." At Osburn & Co's.

THE PRETTIEST LADY in Olean was asked what made her complexion so clear and beautiful. She said it was by using Gilmore's Aromatic Wine; at Osburn & Co's.

ONE OF THE MOST NOTED European physicians said: "Neurality is the prayer of a diseased nerve for healthy blood. Use Gilmore's Aromatic Wine for the blood.

MRS. L. LOOMIS, of Elba, N. Y., writes that she was sick for six months, was induced to try Gilmore's Aromatic Wine and four bottles cured her. At Osburn & Co's.

REV. H. B. EWELLY, of Pavillion, N. Y., says of Gilmore's Aromatic Wine: "I believe it to be a most desirable remedy to be placed in every family."

THE WIFE, MOTHER AND MAID who suffers from Female Weakness and Debility, will find Gilmore's Aromatic Wine a positive cure. Sold by Osburn and Co., druggists.

GILMORE'S AROMATIC is a great success, therefore we challenge the world to produce its equal as a restorative for women.

REV. W. FISK REQUA, of Aurora, Ill., says: "I have used Gilmore's Aromatic Wine and find it an excellent household remedy that none ought to do without."

REV. HARRIS PECK, of Pavillion, N. Y., says: "I was troubled with Malaria, Bowel Difficulty and sleepless nights which I found was wearing me out. After taking Aromatic Wine two days I realized great relief, sleeping well and otherwise feeling like a new man. I cheerfully recommend it to suffering humanity. For sale by Osburn and Co, Eugene."

Tax Notice.

Tax payers will take notice that I will be at the usual voting places of the respective precincts of Lane county from 9 o'clock a. m. until 3 o'clock p. m. of each day for the purpose of collection of taxes for the year 1886, as follows, to-wit:

Springfield,	Monday,	31,
Middle Fork,	Wednesday, Feb. 2,	"
Fall Creek,	Thursday,	3,
Lost Valley,	Friday,	4,
Pleasant Hill,	Saturday,	5,
Mohawk,	Tuesday,	8,
Camp Creek,	Wednesday,	9,
Junction,	Friday,	11,
Hazel Dell,	Saturday,	12,
McKenzie,	Monday,	14,
Florence,	Tuesday,	15,
South Eugene,	Wednesday,	16,
North Eugene,	Thursday,	17,
Wild Cat,	Friday,	18,
Lake Creek,	Saturday,	19,

Tax payers take notice of the following law, page 702, section 64, Laws of Oregon: "If any person residing in such precinct shall fail to attend at such time and place and pay his or her taxes, such delinquent may pay the same at the county seat to the Sheriff, and if he fails to pay within thirty days, as aforesaid, and the Sheriff visits his residence, the Sheriff may collect of such person for his own use ten cents per mile, going and returning."

J. M. SIZAN, Sheriff and Tax Collector for Lane Co., Or. Dated at Eugene City, Dec 15, 1886.

Babies

that are fretful, peevish, cross, or troubled with Windy Colic, Teething Pains, or Stomach Disorders, can be relieved at once by using Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no Opium or Morphine, hence is safe. Price 25 cents. Sold by Osburn & Co, Eugene.

The Swamp Angel's Dream.

Do you know the Swamp Angel, Hen Owen? Of course; I can see by your smile You've encountered somewhere in your rambles That immortal colossus of gulle.

From Shasta to Snake River, northward,

From Nevada due west to the sea, He is King of the Saints, I can tell you, And no one is greater than he.

And he looks like a "saint," this Hen Owen, Add the slightest that ever was seen, With his broad easy face and his manner So eloquently.

The flies lighting on him are clever To barely escape with their necks, And send him by mail, ever after, Their compliments and their respect.

He can turn up a "jack" from the bottom In a style that affects you to tears, And you try to conceal your emotions By producing the whiskies and beers.

And he takes his'n straight with such sorrow, Such a willow-and-orphan despair That you see the wings sprouting on him That only good angels can wear.

In the lobby of each legislature, Far back as remembrance extends, He has sat and looked sad, like a father Whose household forever contends.

While he, with his thoughts in the swamp lands And the mists of the marsh in his glance, Appealed to their nobler emotions, By the wear of the seat of his pants.

A gobbler from gobblerville, Owen Engubled the governor and court, And he gobbled the national agent Sent out to look after his sport.

And he gobbled the good Secretaries And the doughty commissioners all, Until Shackelford came and his gobble Had somehow exhausted its gall.

"Shack" wouldn't be gobbled, that's certain, And the veil from the business was rent; And we saw how the Angel had gobbled And others had paid the per cent.

The people awake and remembered How the Angel had passed in his pomp, And the ooze of his guile had transmuted The hills and the valleys to "swamp"

He had fled on Mt. Hood; sir, as swamp land, And the generous says covered plain, Where the rattlesnake sings and coyotes Are howling forever for rain.

And far on the gray bells of lava, So quieted of marshes and bogs, The traveler heard in amazement The croak of Hen's mythical frogs.

And off on the sands of the desert, Where's market in mockery plays, He saw the ducks taking pre-emptions And charting the Swamp Angel's praise.

But Hen is in trouble, the deluge Is liable now to recede, And leave him, of all his vast empire, Not even a frog or a reed.

The "Saint" will be only a sinner If all of his fillings should fall, The wreck of a talpoid who told us The rugged Cascades were a swale;

One night when the tempest was howling In the land of the Saints, up in Lane; Hen lay in his bed and he listened To the musical rush of the rain.

He dropped into dreams of his swamp lands And tumbled on tumbled bedfell, Till he plunged, for escape, in a frog pond And came to the doorway of hell.

"Who's there?" uttered Nick, as he heard him, "Hen Owen, the Saint," answered Hen, They've made it too hot for me, Uncle, Up there in the regions of men.

"Ha! ha! that's a good one! but welcome, I'll try to amuse you awhile, If you've brought no malaria with you And won't pull your little old file."

Hen entered and greeted the landlord With the smile that had conquered on earth, And the latter admired him all over From the size of his feet to his girth.

"What's the river I crossed?" queried Hen, "Why, that is the Styx, my good dear," "They've been poking sticks at me in Web foot."

Shrieked Owen, "pray don't do it here." Then noticed Cerberus near them, "What's that, sir?" "Why that is my dog."

"You're a live!" yelled Owen in triumph "It's a beautiful three-headed frog." And before any demon could stop him, Or Cerberus even could growl,

He had fled upon hell as good swamp land And the devil stared with as an owl.

—Portland Siftings.

The Patent Office.

The following from the Scientific American, illustrates the difference between the conduct of a bureau of the Government under Democratic and under Republican Administrations:

In a short clause of his annual message, presented to Congress on December 6, President Cleveland commends the bringing forward of the business of the Patent Office, and promises still more for the future. On the 4th of March, 1885, he states the current business was in arrears on an average five and one half months. Several divisions were twelve months behind. Three months is given as the average of the arrears at the close of the last fiscal year, and the prediction is made, substantially, that soon only a nominal delay will precede the examination of each case. This will be most cheering news to the inventor, who hitherto has been disappointed in his work by the endless delays in obtaining protection for his invention.

The railroad tax in New Jersey pays all the States expenses.

Making Valentines.

The average citizen is not apt to receive a comic valentine descriptive of his principal fault or weakness with any degree of pleasure, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle. He oftener gets mad and in some cases searches for the sender. A factory in this city has, during the past ten months, turned out fifteen million comic and five million sentimental valentines. With such advantages practical jokers and lovers will have plenty of material with which to work on February 14th, Valentine's birthday. The former prevalent custom of venting a spite by sending a comic valentine has comparatively died out in the Eastern and Middle States. West of the Mississippi river the valentine has, however, a ready sale.

I recently paid a visit to the above mentioned factory. The many operations through which toy-books and valentines pass before they are ready to be delivered to the retailer are interesting. The first floor of the factory is occupied by paper-cutting and embossing machines. The paper on which valentines are printed is received from the manufacturer direct, and is not in a condition for use. It must be cut in pieces, 4x5 1/2 feet, and on which are stamped sixteen comic valentines. After being cut, the paper is taken to the second floor and printed. Three hundred out of the four hundred employes in the factory are women and girls. While the majority of the work is done by skilled labor, some departments are operated wholly by machinery.

On the sixth or top floor half a dozen artists draw the pictures used in valentines and toy-books. After a drawing is made and photographed the negative is coated with a solution and exposed to the sun. The negative is again coated, this time with lithographic ink; and placed in a basin of water barely deep enough to cover it. The ink is washed off, except that part of the plate on which the drawing has been photographed. The negative is then ready for the etcher. The etching process is too well known to bear repeating here. After the drawing has been etched on a zinc plate it is ready for the press.

A Paying Joke.

John P. Fleitz, a Michigan lumberman, is in the city. A few years ago he was connected with the firm of Sage & Co., the largest mill firm on the Saginaw river, and probably in Michigan. Previous to leaving the firm and his position as foreman, Sage & Co. gained considerable notoriety by cinching the railways of the country. When the lumber supply in the lower country was exhausted, the firm opened up a branch business 200 miles up Lake Huron, near Lake Superior, where the pine forests were almost impenetrable. When they had been operating there for some time they found it necessary to build a tramway to haul the logs to the mill. This railway, including switches, was about one mile long and was completed on the 1st of January. Sage is what his name implies, a wise man, and is famous as a practical joker. He conceived the idea of issuing annual passes over this line, and the idea was soon carried into effect. The passes were issued and the manager of every railroad over which Sage might want to travel was supplied with one. Of course, out of courtesy, the compliment was returned, though the managers never heard of, nor could they find on railway maps any mention of the "Pine Forest Railway." That year Mr. Sage paid no railroad fare, and every year since that time he has exchanged courtesies with many managers of railway lines who appreciate the joke. The "Pine Forest Railway," Mr. Fleitz says, is now three miles long.—S. F. Alta.

A man in Ontario "can repeat perfectly 160 chapters of the Bible, fifty-eight psalm, and every collect, epistle and gospel in the ecclesiastical year; according to the English Church Prayer-book." A remarkable memory; but can he tell the date of the last slugging match between Sullivan and Tug Wilson? Some men can name the day and hour the ark landed on Mt. Ararat and are unable to tell how many times the bicycle record has been broken this year.—Norristown Herald.